

## The Evening World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York.  
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.  
VOLUME 47..... NO. 16,741.

## HORSES AND HUMANS.

**I**N explaining how Orby was trained to win the Derby Mr. Richard Croker laid down some very valuable rules of hygiene applicable to human beings. He said:

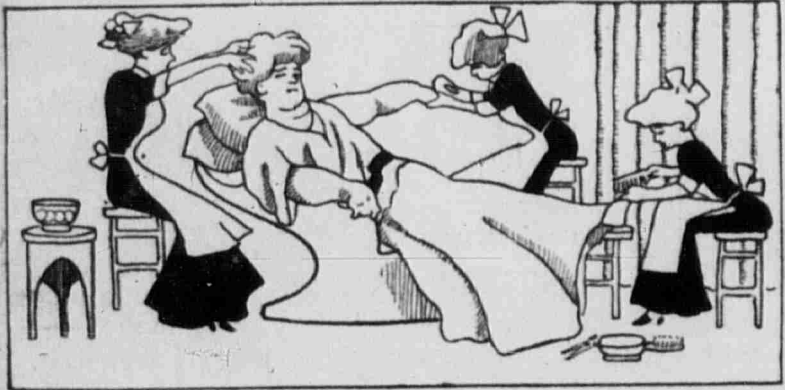
They cannot understand my not coddling my races. Orby never had a blanket on him all winter. The doors and windows of his box were always open. Had he been in an English stable he would have had a thick sheet on at night and his box only open for feeding.

My trainer believes in as much fresh air as the horses can get. His only craze is for antiseptic principles.

This helps explain how an almost unknown Western horse won the Suburban. The man who loves his horses and lives with them will get more out of them than the rich owner who turns the details over to his trainer. Money can buy a good horse, but it takes more than money to make a horse win a race.

It takes horse sense.

Croker's prescription for health and vigor should be read more by women than by men. Except the sons of foolish rich men, few men are coddled. They have to work. They have to keep in health or lose their jobs. Business competition and modern methods do not tolerate turning a store or a factory into a convalescent home.



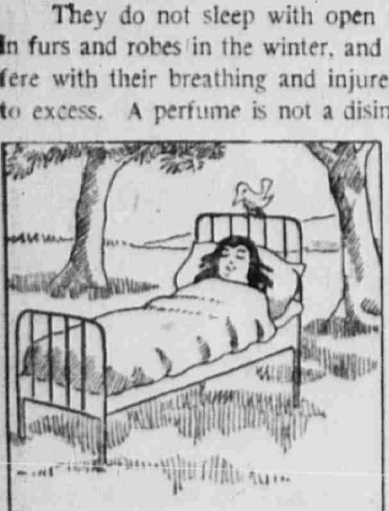
Two-thirds of the doctors' ordinary practice in New York comes from women. Men rarely go to a doctor unless they are really sick or injured. For casual headaches and colds a man goes to a drug store, not to a physician. As soon as a childless woman's husband has enough money for her to live at an apartment hotel she classes doctors with milliners and dressmakers as necessary luxuries.

Orby was not fat.

View the idle women who spend their evenings in Paradise Row at the Waldorf. Stand at an entrance to Central Park any afternoon and watch the automobiles and victorias. Take a look over the grandstand at Sheephead Bay.

How fat these women are!

They do not sleep with open windows. They blanket themselves in furs and robes in the winter, and even in the summer their veils interfere with their breathing and injure their eyesight. They use perfumes to excess. A perfume is not a disinfectant. They take massage instead of exercise. They do not even arrange their own hair.



It is as natural for a woman to work as for a man. The peasant woman who follows the plough in Europe needs no medical specialist to preserve her health. The woman who scrubs her own floor, washes her own clothes and raises her own babies need hire nobody to give her exercise by proxy.

No double chins bother her.

Go into the shops of New York and the women behind the counters have no surplus adipose tissue. Go into the factories of New York and the women who work there have none too much covering in the winter time.

Richard Croker's advice is good both for horses and for the women who have the idle time to see the horses run.

## Letters from the People.

## Office Boy's Chance.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
In reply to "Sam's Mother," who asks the chances, temptations, etc., of an office boy's life, I beg to state that the best way her son can start life is by working in an office. This will give him a good start. He may learn many things in the office which can help him along when he starts in business. If he is a bright boy he can devote his spare time to studying. I would advise "Sam's mother" not to take the idea that he will learn bad habits in the office, but good ones.

DAVID CARRIS.

## Push or Pull?

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Will clever readers decide this question? Does a horse push his load or pull it? Some say he pushes against the collar and, therefore, pushes the wagon. Others say the horse pulls the wagon. Which is correct, readers? This seems to me an interesting point.

X. Y. Z.

## The Owl.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
What is the birthdate for the month of October?

A. G. C.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Riverside Park is a beautiful place. The beautiful "sunken meadow" just above Eighty-first street is the loveliest strip of lawn in New York. The order to keep off the grass is not usually enforced, and tired grown-ups lie at ease on the soft, cool grass, while children play all over its lovely surface.

It is a good deed, now, see how we noble New Yorkers make use of that privilege. By Sunday night all the lawn is made up by papers, orange peel, boxes and other rubbish. Boys tear up handfuls of turf and otherwise spoil the place.

People break off great armfuls of the flowering shrubs. We have a beautiful playground and we treat it as a waste of land. When the necessary order to keep off the grass is enforced there will be the usual "taxpayers' rights" howl from the selfish snouts of those who now are joyfully ruining the meadow.

JANITOR.

## Some Heat Maxims.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Keep out of the sun. Walk slowly. Keep your temper. Don't worry. Leave alcoholic and "cooling" drinks alone. Eat in moderation. Cut out spiced foods, heavy meats, pastry, fried foods and rich dishes. Eat plenty of fresh fruit and vegetables. So shall readers, by following these tips, avoid all danger of sunstroke.

GERMAN DOCTOR.

## Rude Clerks.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Let's start a symposium, readers, on the most useful class of men we've met. It may cure them. I don't mean to mention the men themselves, but their class. The "L" and Subway guards, of course, are often rude, but that's no wonder. My personal vote goes to the hotel clerk (as a class) for supercilious, indifferent lack of manners. He's hard to beat. What say others?

JOHN H. CAYE.

## GROUNDS FOR CLEMENCY.

"Your Honor," said the chauffeur arrested for skidding along the spine of a pedestrian, "I cannot afford to pay a fine. The accident cost all I had."

"Machine much damaged?"

"No; but I had a bet that I could cross town at thirty miles an hour and not hit anybody." Philadelphia Ledger.

## Our Summer Visitors.

By Maurice Ketten.



## The Chorus Girl Bemoans the Stinginess Bred by Automobiles

By Roy L. McCardell.

"**W**E were out to see the Suburban run," said the Chorus Girl, "and we had a grand time. We didn't have much because nobody seems to have much money."

"Mamma De Branscombe says it's because everybody leads the complex life and has an automobile. There's where the money goes. Every time she hears a tire buzz, Mamma De Branscombe says, it gives her a pang of pain because she knows some nice girl gets a sandwich and a glass of beer where she might have had a course dinner with wine, still, the money might be wasted on something worse. Mamma De Branscombe says, and it's no complaint as it used to be in her young days. People of moderate means go in for a automobile, and when they pay for it and for supplies and repairs, they're all in financially; and you are expected to swallow the scenery and refresh yourself on the dust of some speed fiend that has one of them selfish high-powered runabouts and keeps ahead of you with it. There should be a law, Mamma De Branscombe says, to prevent people owning autos who can't afford to treat you to anything but a ride in 'em."

"Time was, Mamma De Branscombe says, when nobody had automobiles, but everybody had the price of a good dinner, and a lady with a weak heart had to carry digitalis and strychnine with her because she was liable at any time to get a present of a nice piece of jewelry. But nowadays incomes that was sufficient for self and lady friends to have a good time together is all eat up by garage charges."

"Mamma De Branscombe pointed out to us a foreign nobleman who's a wine agent, although George, who touts Perfect Brut and is Amy's fiancé, says there's no call for it. He was in one of them high-powered foreign cars, the foreign nobleman was, and we passed him held up by the roadside with a busted tire, raving like a maniac."

"Years ago, Mamma De Branscombe says, the Count was crazy about her when she was happily married to her third husband. The Count was dreadfully jealous, Mamma De Branscombe said, and one time he put a revolver to her head and pulled the trigger five times. All that saved her life was that the cartridges didn't explode. Mamma De Branscombe said she had to tell him if things went any farther she'd be compelled to inform her husband. As I was telling you, we went to the track Suburban Day, but while we were on the big race we saw on two others and come out ahead on the day."

"Old Man Maneyton couldn't come, but he sent a hundred down with Dopey to put on Electioneer, but Dopey forgot about it, and as he didn't say anything to us he comes back with the kale inside his coat."

"Old Man Maneyton told Dopey he could keep it if he'd put it in bank, and open an account with it."

"Dopey said the way that bank account would make you think they was doing you a compliment to take your money. Finally he did it in, and then he saw the man that got it hand it right over with a lot of other money to the cashier and a guy come in with a check and Dopey says he seen them with his own eyes pay his money out to this feller. He set up an awful kick about it and made a holier for his money and grabbed hold of the feller that had it. Finally they told him to close his account and they'd give him back his hundred. Dopey did it after they showed him how, but it wasn't his own money he got back, and Dopey said it looked to him as if the last feller that goes to the bank to get his money back is stuck. He says he's going to stand in front of the bank and see the last man get handed a lemon."

"When we got home from the race we went to Martin's and Able and Louie saw a couple of buyers they knew and invited them to our table. Able Wogglebaum is a nice feller as a general thing, but when he gets a little or has any out-of-town people with him he gets the star-customer bug. You know what the star-customer bug is? It's when you're any place with anybody who wants to show you how he stands, and how his tab is taken like as if he was paying double rates, and how they'll cash his check for any amount. But the star-customer bug is at his worst when he tells the waiter to tell the proprietor that he's here. That's Able when he's stewed and wants to show you how he stands. You've been with that kind. Tell Tom Shanley I want to see him," says Mr. Manhattan. "He's busy now, sir," says the waiter. "Well, you tell him I'm here," says the pest; he won't be too busy to see me."

"Say, kid, ain't it funny to read them reports of the Suburban and other big scampers—after they're over? When the winning jockey and the trainer tell just how it was done, according to program, you can't see how the public could have been so blind to its best business interests as to bet on any other horse. And when the favorite isn't one, two, three, the explanation is that the feller back in the rack and from that on was never in the running. But if he wins, after being on the outskirts of the race most of the way, the word-painters for the next morning news throw it up on the screen like this: "Jiblets the jockey rode high school all the way. Carefully nursing his mount, he let the others see the pace till they ran themselves off their heels, and then Jiblets, giving Silver Onions his head, breezed in without an effort."

"Say, kid, no matter what you do, when you win you do it right."

## THE RAPID TRANSIT PRIMER. BY DEXTER W. NASON

## No. 8—The "Wheel-Guard" Car.

**W**HY does this car have no fender? Because the city of Liverpool considers a projecting fender a menace to people.

But these cars must run over many persons?

On the contrary, they have never run over a single person in the last six years.

But there is no fender to save people.

No fender to trip people up, you mean.

There is a wheel guard, and if you can find a way to get under the wheels you will do better than a would-be suicide, who lay down on the tracks three times and was pushed off unharmed every time.

Unhurt? Who ever heard of such a thing?

Well, last year these cars pushed forty-four people off the track without seriously injuring a single one.

But a street railway



company conceals the truth in such matters. These are not the cars of any company; they are operated by the city of Liverpool.

No one but a city could get up such an elephant. This elephant seats sixty-four passengers, where an American car might seat twenty-two. The city furnishes more seats than there are passengers at every hour of the day.

Well, it must cost a lot to do it.

It costs most people two cents to go to and from work, and the enterprise pays the city a handsome profit each year.

But the New York cars have wheel guards.

Yes, but they are not long enough. They do not have so easy an angle. They roll you over and over, instead of quietly pushing you off the track. They run over people, and the Liverpool fender never does.

How many persons have been actually under the cars in Liverpool and pushed off the track?

Three hundred and eighty-eight in six years.

But what keeps you from under the boards, and is not the front of the plough sharp?

There is nothing all along the bottom of the boards, and the front is rounded and covered with rubber hose to soften any blow.

But does not the plough teeter up and down and strike the pavement in front?

No. It is fastened to the axle boxes and keeps perfectly level at all times. It must be patented. What do you make out of it?

It is not patented. It is free for anyone to use. And that is one trouble. There is no one to push it. No railway official can make money on the side by recommending it.

Does not the car step hurt a fallen person?

It made too high and has every sharp corner rounded purposely.

But the front of the car might hurt you.

It is true that the Berlin dasher covering is an improvement, but every Liverpool car has a powerful electric brake for emergencies and the cars run at a safe speed, not a reckless one.

But can political appointees run street cars?

The Liverpool tramway men are not political appointees. They are a splendid class of men, picked out for ability. You have to go to American companies to find the fine hand of the politician.

Can such a wheel guard be run over American pavements? Are not the latter too rough?

Who maintains the pavements between rails in America? The companies. And any pleading on the ground of rough pavement is an admission of flagrant neglect of duty. City officials, please take notice.

But as pavements exist now, could the fender be used?

Some companies have claimed not, when they were already running wheel guards closer to the pavement than the Liverpool one needs to be. Parts of the cars almost always are lower than this fender.

## Health and Beauty.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

## Almond Milk.



**E**at Here is the almond milk formula you wish: Lilac flower water, one pint; alcohol (90 per cent.), eight ounces; glycerine, five ounces; sweet almond oil, four ounces; salicylic acid, one-half ounce. Triturate the almonds in the perfume water; dissolve the glycerine, then pour very slowly into the emulsion, stirring constantly.

## Pimples and Blackheads.

**H**OPLESS—These blotches from pimples and blackheads may sometimes be removed by facial massage, especially electrical massage. If possible, you had better take some treatment. To remove the blackheads use the complexion brush which I so frequently recommend, scrubbing your face in warm water and a bland soap and rinsing afterward in several clear waters.

## To Keep Hair in Curl.

**M**—Try this formula, applied as directed: Gum arabic, 1 dram; sugar, 1 dram; rose water, 3 ounces. Mix and dissolve. Moisten the hair with the solution. Put up in curling kids or papers.

## To Make Hair Grow.

**G**—Try the following hair tonic, massaging the scalp well twice a day: Phenolic acid, 1 gram; tincture of nux vomica, 7-13 grams; tincture of red cinchona, 30 grams; tincture of cantharides, 2 grams; cologne, 130 grams; sweet almond oil, 60 grams. Apply to the roots of the hair with a soft sponge once or twice a day. This action is especially good for very dry hair.

## Dyeing the Hair.

**D**—You will have to dye your hair. There is no other remedy. Have it done by a good hair-dresser.

## Senor Bulacan of Sandiko.

By Walter A. Sinclair.

(Senor Bulacan, a former insurance, now a native Governor of Sandiko, offers to term a regiment to repel Japs.—Item.)

## How does the Filipino.

With his falling for his bino. View the straining of relations with Japan? From the former insurance. What, oh! what, can we expect, oh! Here's the story of a little fighting man:

Senor Bulacan, the Governor great, ruling the people of Sandiko State, Rebel converted, silk-hatted, boiled-shirted, rigged like a carnival fella, Head in the papers numerous capers sprung on the far-distant coast. Head of the Japs who now put on their caps with the aid of a shoe horn; a young Wrung from a peer with intent to strike fear caused the brave senator to frown. So in hot weather he gathered together the wardlike and bold of his town.

Senor Bulacan, the Governor great, clapped his silk hat on his big, shiny pate, Saying: "My brothers, ladrones and others, we're gathered on matters of state. War is impending—the Japs soon descending may land on this beautiful shore! 'Tis in the soup if we don't raise a troop—surely I need say no more. Let us get busy and make the Japs dizzy—surely my statements in yards. Doctor for colonel, we'll be the infernal Sandiko Rough-Walking Guards."

"Here is my plan, as a practical man—surely I'll get the foe's goals. Threaten the Japs with a few snappy slaps if they step on the tails of our coast! They'd never dare and will go in the air, thus the invasion will fall! For, don't you see, it's as plain as can be, none of our coats has a tail!" It was a bluff, but it went well enough. Up struck the drum and the fife. While the bold don, having passed out the 'con,' clinched up a good job for life.

## Queer Ways of Taking Pictures.

**T**HERE are times when the camera may be tilted. For example, in photographs of clouds, waterfalls, balloons, etc., the camera may point upward, while in taking pictures of people swimming or bathing, children at work or play, etc., it may be pointed downward. Very successful photographs of prominent speakers, parades, crowds, etc., have been taken when the camera was held upside down. By holding the camera in the way suggested many a photographer has secured good pictures, while others who tried to use the camera in the usual way made absolute failures. Often by holding the camera by the side of the body and pointing it backward one may secure pictures of children at play and of older people in natural poses without the knowledge of any member of the group.

## BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS.

## To Make Her Acquaintance.

**Dear Betty:**  
AM a young man eighteen years of age and would like to get acquainted with a very pretty young lady of the same age, whom I see on a railroad station every morning. I would like very much to meet this young lady, as I think she cares to meet me. Please tell me how I can get acquainted with her.

ANXIOUS.

Find out where she lives or works, or where she goes to church, and then try to make the acquaintance of some man who can introduce you.

## A Vacation Problem.

**Dear Betty:**  
A lady friend of mine went on her vacation some time ago. Who should write first? WRITER.

You should. The man takes the first step nearly always.

## She Told Her Love.

**Dear Betty:**  
AM a young girl seventeen years old and have known a fellow for three years and during that time we have not been very friendly, that is we have not been together very often. When I first met him I was young and did not understand very much about love. I used to say that I loved him, and it grew on me like a habit to say how very much I thought of him especially when any one would say anything against him. Now he has heard of this very often and knows how much I think of him. Of late I have been very sarcastic to him and he has

## May Manton's Daily Fashions

**N**O style of skirt suits young girls better than the plaited one, and just now there is an infinite variety of attractive models offered. This one is exceptionally graceful and becoming, being laid in double box-plaits, that are attached flat over the hips. In the illustration it is shown made of checked pongee, with trimming of the material piped with a darker colored taffeta, but all the seasonable suitings are appropriate. Lined is so made as well as wool, pongee and other simple silks, while trimming can be varied again and again. The plain attached hem is always correct and always smart; plain bands or bias on checked can be used. Indeed, almost anything that may get individual fancy. There are seven gorse in the skirt, but the seams are all concealed by the plaits.

The quantity of material required for the sixteen-year size is 7-8 yards 27 or 32, or 4-1-2 yards 44 inches wide, with 18 yards of braid to trim as illustrated. Pattern 5700 is cut in sizes for girls Misses' Box-Plaited Skirt—Pattern No. 5700.



Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 2 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify also wanted.

How to Obtain These Patterns